

Are they not now upon the western shore?
Conducting safe the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sov'reign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king;
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst fain be gone, to join with *Richmond*:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor ever will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son *George Stanley*: look, your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you! [*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sov'reign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edmund Courtney*, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In *Kent*, my liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms;
And every hour still more complices
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My lord, the army of the duke of *Buckingham* —

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death!

[*he strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

VOL. IV.

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Mes.